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WHAT IS WEALTH?

THE frequent discussions which from time to time take place in magazines and elsewhere, as to the proper uses of Wealth, suggest the question—What is Wealth? And to that question there seems to be no more comprehensive and definite answer than there was to Pilate's interrogation on the subject of Truth. To be 'rich beyond the dreams of avarice' is a favourite figure of speech, but we may well doubt if the position is capable of realisation, when one regards the stupendous fortunes of some of the American kings of finance.

The truth as to wealth seems to be that it is actually a relative term. In plain words, it is the excess of realisable value which a man possesses above his normal requirements. But when the excess becomes excessive, then it becomes incomprehensible by the majority of men. Thus, to a man with one pound a week, two pounds a week will seem riches, because it implies a large margin for accumulation; but to this man a figure of wealth represented by the numerals £5,000,000 is a mere figure of speech. He can no more grasp its significance than a man who is colour-blind can appreciate the unspeakable glory of the sunset or the dawn. Even richer men than he can find no tangible meaning in such figures.

Wealth, in fact, is not the mere possession of anything in abundance, but the possession in abundance of that which can be used. Midas, at whose fabled touch everything turned into gold, was not wealthy in the true sense, because he could not use what he produced. It is usual to employ his case in pointing the moral against the love of money; but, as a matter of fact, Midas would have been quite as sorely afflicted had his touch transformed everything into sheaves of corn, or joints of beef, or new hats. And thus it is that the conception of wealth must vary with circumstance as well as with individual.

The new 'Gospel of Wealth,' of which so much has been heard of late, is, in essence, this—that it is good for everybody that wealth should be concentrated in few hands. It has been said that

it is better that one man should have one thousand pounds to spend, than that a thousand men should have one pound apiece. It is probable that the weight of opinion against this proposition will be pretty much as a thousand to one, and for very adequate reasons.

The attraction of wealth to the intelligent human creature is twofold. There is the pleasure of winning; and there is the joy of possessing. Now, the joy of possession may be as keen to the owner of a thousand pounds as to the owner of a thousand thousands; but the pleasure of winning is certainly open to all in equal degree, even to the owner of a single pound. No keener enjoyment is possible to the rational animal than persistent effort suffused with perennial hope. This is but to say that the pursuit of wealth gives pleasure to millions; whereas the possession gives a dubious joy only to thousands. According to 'the New Gospel,' these millions have no right to this enjoyment, if one rich man can do more towards the greatest happiness of the greatest number than a thousand men who are not rich. The proposition, however, ignores the absolute and unalterable fact that the nine hundred and ninety-nine men who are debarred from the pursuit of wealth are deprived of the greatest material happiness possible to them.

Upon this hypothesis, the concentration of wealth in a few hands has the very reverse effect of helping towards the greatest happiness of the greatest number, however wise and beneficent in the administration of their wealth may be the possessors. Wisdom, however, is exceptional among those who have made their wealth rapidly. When a man's fortune has grown more rapidly than his intellect or his conscience, the consequences must always be injurious to himself as well as to society. And that is not all. It is not possible for any one man, however wise and beneficent, to administer to the best and fullest uses such fortunes as have been piled up by some men in our time.

It is worth while taking a look at the accumulated wealth of some American millionaires, and

we select them in illustration for two reasons. In the first place, the statistics of such matters are more complete and accessible in America than they are here. And in the second place, there are very few persons in this country whose capitalised means equal those of the transatlantic money kings. Again, in this country accumulation is the work of a lifetime, or even of generations; while in America it has been frequently the work of a few years. The fortunate beings who suddenly 'strike ile,' or discover 'a pocket,' form a factor in the greatest economic problem of the age, without knowing it.

By a calculation made a year or two ago by an American statistician, it seems that seventy citizens of the United States possessed among them an aggregate wealth of 540 million pounds. That gives an average of about $7\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds apiece. To come to particulars. There was one estate—we refrain here from mentioning names—returned as worth no less than 30 million. There were five individuals valued at 20 million; one valued at 14 million; two valued at 12 million; six valued at 10 million; six valued at 8 million; four valued at 7 million; thirteen valued at 6 million; ten valued at 5 million; four valued at $4\frac{1}{2}$ million; and fifteen valued at 4 million.

The brain reels before such figures. They express measures of wealth which the ordinary mortal is powerless to grasp.

Besides these seventy colossal fortunes, there are fifty other persons in the Northern States alone valued at over 2 million each—thirty of them being valued in all at 90 million. There were some little time ago published lists of sixty-three millionaires in Pennsylvania possessing in the aggregate 60 million, and of sixty persons in three villages near New York whose wealth aggregated 100 million. In Boston, fifty families pay taxes on annual incomes of about £200,000 each.

We have nothing to compare with such individual cases of wealth in Great Britain. Baron Rothschild and Lord Overstone each left about $3\frac{1}{2}$ million; the late Lord Dudley left 4 million; the late Duke of Buccleuch, esteemed the richest Scotchman, left estates valued at 6 million. One living English Duke is valued at 10 million, and another at 8 million; but not many names could be added to these, to place against the above list of American fortunes. In 1884 there were only one hundred and four persons in the United Kingdom whose incomes from business profits were returned as over £50,000 a year. In 1886 there were only seventeen estates which paid Probate Duty on about a quarter of a million each.

There is another interesting feature in the relative distribution of wealth in the two countries. By Mr Goschen's analysis of the income tax returns, it was found that in ten years the number of incomes paying duty on up to £500 had risen 21·4 per cent.; those between £500 and £1000 had not increased at all; those between £1000 and £5000 had decreased 2·4 per cent.; and those over £5000 had decreased 2·2 per cent. According to Mulhall's estimate in 1877, £7,770,600,000 of British wealth was distributed among 6,676,000 families; and two-thirds of it was owned by 222,500 families.

The statistics of the United States show quite other results. They prove not only that the wealthy class there is enormously wealthier than the wealthiest class of Great Britain, but also that the wealth of the country is in much fewer hands. Mr Thomas G. Shearman estimates the average annual income of the richest hundred Americans at about £300,000; and the average annual income of the richest hundred Englishmen at about £90,000. The earnings of fully four-fifths of American families do not average, he says, £100 per annum. According to the estimates of the wealth of American millionaires, it seems that 25,000 persons own one-half of the entire wealth of the United States; and if the present rates of taxation and accumulation continue, it is computed that that great country will be practically owned by about 50,000 persons—say one-thousandth part of the present population.

We have cited these figures because they carry on the face of them the refutation of the new doctrine that it is good for the world that wealth should be concentrated in few hands. That one hundred and twenty persons in the United States should possess among them an aggregate capital equal to the entire National Debt of Great Britain is a remarkable fact, which cannot but have vast economic and ethical significance. For it is not conceivable that these hundred and twenty persons can so administer such a fund as, say, 120,000 persons, with smaller proportionate shares in it.

And then as regards the possession of wealth, the means by which it has been acquired cannot be disregarded. It is not to be assumed that all millionaires have made their fortunes by wholesome industry, affording employment and happiness to many thousands during its accumulation. Many of the American fortunes have been made under the shelter of the strict system of Protection, which that country preserves—that is to say, may have been drawn out of the pockets of the people by the deliberate consent and contrivance of the people themselves. Other fortunes have been made by lucky hits in mining, &c., and are to a large extent the products of chance. Others have been made by a clever, even daring speculation in various departments of commerce and finance. Others, unhappily, by the unscrupulous use of capital in rigging and manipulating markets, to the serious loss of the community.

We are not going to discuss the ethics of the question, but merely suggest that if wealth has not been accumulated by means which sanctify its possession, then it certainly cannot be in the best hands for putting it to uses tending to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Mr Andrew Carnegie will certainly not find many millionaires to agree with him, that the man who dies rich is 'disgraced.' The aspiration of most men, indeed, is to leave behind them as much as possible. And the fact is that it is not practicable for the man of millions to dispense his wealth during his lifetime. Life is so uncertain, and in order to avoid dying 'disgraced,' he would have each day to dispense in some way the earnings of each day, and he could not possibly do it, even if he wanted.

As to the uses to which accumulated wealth may be or should be put, we shall say nothing

here. The subject is too vast and complicated. But a word in conclusion may be offered on the ethical aspect of wealth.

The desire and the longing for that which is expressed in the word *Wealth* has been from all time, and will be for all time. It is deep-rooted in the heart of man, and it is not necessarily a sordid longing. The desire for wealth does not imply that mere greed and yearning for the possession of gold. It means a great deal more, for it springs from the idea that wealth not only gives power but also happiness. People, not being misers, desire money because they believe, or suppose, that money can enable them to obtain certain articles which will contribute to happiness.

So far good; but the experience of mankind is that there is more happiness to be derived in the pursuit of wealth than in the possession of it. The root of happiness is in the mind, not without; and by the healthy organism, it is found rather in hopeful and manly endeavour, than in placid contentment with surroundings. Pleasure may pall by familiarity; but there is no limit to the pleasures of hope. It is possible, even, that the sordid gold-hunter and ignoble money-grubber has a sort of happiness of his own; but he is not the sort of being we are considering. The pursuit of riches by honourable effort as a means to an end—namely, happiness and the power to bestow happiness—is a perfectly legitimate and rational one. But the worst of it is that we all too much associate money with happiness, and act as if the one term connoted the other. In the haste to be rich, men so often forget to be just—and sometimes even honest—while they lose in the race the faculty of being happy at the end of it. We cannot understand the nature and attributes and responsibilities of wealth aright, if we do not distinguish between money-making as a means to an end, and accumulation for the mere sake of possession.

POMONA.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

The time of pleasant fancies
For lass and lad returns
In velvet on the pansies,
In little rolled-up ferns.

LORD DE TABLEY.

'Oh, Sage, I wish I was you! You are the very happiest, luckiest person in the world.'

Kitty was watching Sage dress with feelings of the deepest dejection.

'It does seem so unfair that you should have a cousin all to yourself. I'm sure you can have a share of our cousins, and my share in them as well, for I can't bear any of them. And I'm quite sure Miss Lambert would put me up into a higher class if I could say, "My aunt, Lady Lester, wishes it;" but I might talk of my aunt Mrs Wilson for half an hour, and no one would pay the least attention. And I do not think, Sage, that Aunt Maria is at all a nice aunt for any one to have, and so tiresome about putting one's elbows on the table.'

'Dear, little Kit, I wish I could give you a share.'

'Well, Sage, I do think you might let me stay at home from school to-day to see Pomona. And I do think I've got a headache; and you know I did not eat half so much bread and butter at breakfast as usual; and I think my tongue is very bad,' said Kitty, examining critically a very red little member in Sage's glass.

'I wish you might, Kit; but father made such a point of your going to school, and he will be vexed if you don't.'

A slight cloud dimmed the brightness of Sage's face, for this was the one drop of bitterness in her cup, that father was by no means so pleased as Sage was at Pomona's appearance, and at this restoration, or rather beginning, of friendly relations between Sage and her mother's family. Perhaps he still nourished resentment of their treatment of his wife; and what he would have welcomed gladly for her sake, though never for his own, he almost resented, now that it had come years too late to gladden her gentle heart; but he could not find it in his heart to pour cold-water on Sage's pleasure, only he listened a little grimly to her glowing descriptions of Pomona's beauty and sweet graciousness, resolving in his inmost mind that the olive branch held out so tardily should only be received by Sage herself, and should not, however willingly it might be done, be extended to himself or his other children. And so, to-day, when Pomona was coming to fetch Sage to take her down to Beechfield, Dr Merridew's professional duties suddenly assumed an engrossing importance they did not always present; and he also harangued his family all through breakfast on the necessity of regular attendance at school; and he was quite cross because Sage suggested that Nigel had coughed in the night.

He would not, he told himself, stand in Sage's way; her mother might have liked her to know the old home which, from the fact that his wife had never dilated on its attractions, had grown in his imagination to a very Paradise, from which, for his sake, she had been banished. It was only right that Sage should know her mother's birthplace and her mother's people; but with Sage it must stop; neither he nor his other children should reap the smallest advantage from the Lesters, even though, by so declining all intercourse, it should separate them somewhat from their own little Sage.

And perhaps he felt—though he was not at all inclined to worldly wisdom—that it might be good for Sage as regards Maurice and his family. It galled him a little now and then to think that Maurice's people might look down on his little girl; and perhaps these fine relations of whom he would have made no mention while they kept aloof, might raise her in the estimation of the Moores.

He did not tell Sage anything of this; but she guessed a little of it, and sometimes debated if she would not draw back and resist Pomona's fascinations, and dwell among her own people, the proud, shabby, little people of Dalston, among whom her life's happiness had found her. But there was no resisting Pomona, or being surly or proud or independent with her; and she could only hope that some day father would

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be brought, even against his will, under her sunny influence, when she was quite sure he would fall a victim.

And yet—and yet Mr Ludlow had not done so. That introduction had been altogether a disappointment; and she was almost sure the painter's sudden return to Scar had been in consequence of his meeting with Pomona. It seemed even to have taken away his pleasure in the picture; and he did not go again to see it after his hurried visit on the way from the station, though he had promised to take Kitty the very first day of his return to London.

So perhaps Dr Merriew was not so fascinated as she was; and how would Maurice like her? or, rather, how did he like her? for Pomona said she had met him, and it must have been at that dinner-party of which he had told her so little. Maurice had not yet returned to London. He was still staying with his old uncle in Sussex; but how much longer he would remain Sage did not know, as the letter she carefully transferred to her pocket when she changed her dress was dated some days back, and did not say which day he should return—so he might; who could tell?—be coming that very day, and she would be away. This was another little drop of bitterness; but, after all, what are two drops in a cup so overflowing with sweetness? for Sage was inclined to agree with Kitty's envious statement that she was the very happiest, luckiest person in the world. She had not told Maurice anything about Pomona's visit; she was reserving all this new, interesting episode in her life to describe to him when he came back, and only made mysterious allusions to it in her letters.

But to-day she was going down to Beechfield; and though she would have been happier if she had had a more recent letter of Maurice's in her pocket, the want of it was not enough to spoil the pleasure of the beautiful May day.

Poor, unwilling, envious Kitty was packed off to school; and Sage was ready, even to the last button of the beautiful gloves Maurice had given her, when the carriage came round the corner, the very sound of the wheels and the stepping of the horses' feet being different somehow from the usual vehicles and horses that passed unnoticed every day.

And if the carriage were different from those usually seen in Dalston, so, too, was the lovely bright face within, all eager and smiling as Sage came out.

'Mayn't I come in and see Kitty?' she said. 'I want to see if she is like the picture, and I have brought her a box of chocolates. I am sure that little girl in the picture likes chocolates. Next time we go to Beechfield, she must come too. I do love taking a child there—they are as happy there as the day is long, as I used to be as a child; and indeed I am the same now.—Oh, Sage, I hope you will like it—it is such a dear old place. You can't help liking mother—every one does. I hope it will be one of her good days, when she can come down or out on to the terrace. It is so warm and sunny to-day, I should think she might venture out.—It is my birthday to-day, do you know, Sage? I am twenty to-day, and I am a week older than you; so I am out of my teens, and you are not; so I shall take care of you and chaperone you. We had a heap of invi-

tations for to-day, and some of them nice ones; but I always spend my birthday with mother; so I refused them all. Lady Charteris looked a little black at me, but I did not care. I told mother that wild horses should not keep me away on my birthday; and this is a real proper birthday, with the apple blossom all out, to make up for my ridiculous name.'

Pomona was in high spirits, and she went on talking gaily while the carriage was taking them to Victoria Station; and Sage was well content to listen.

'There is some present awaiting me at Beechfield; but I don't quite know what it is; but it is sure to be exactly what I like best. Mother has a most wonderful way of finding out what I want, and she knows I don't care for jewellery.—Do you know, Sage, I've never cared for jewellery since I was a little wee bit of a child. I had set my heart on a small blue enamel locket, and cried because mother did not give it me. I fancy it was really a trumpery, little thing, and the nurse I had then, to comfort me, said, "Never mind; you'll have all the Lester diamonds one day of your very own;" and I was full of the idea, and went running to mother to ask if it was true, and if it would be soon; and mother told me it was quite true, and it might perhaps be very soon, for it would be when she died.—Oh, Sage, I remember how I cried; and I hated the sight of diamonds for ever so long; and even now, I haven't quite got over the feeling, though I have had some given me, and see how beautiful they are. Lady Charteris gave me a lovely star this morning—a beauty. I have brought it with me to show to mother; and you must see it; but I know mother's present will be something I shall like much better.—Sage, how I do go on talking, and you so quiet! I think there is something about you that makes one talk, you have such a listening face. One does not feel that you are only listening out of politeness, as most girls do, and are only paying half attention, and thinking of something else, or criticising one's dress and appearance.'

'But I am doing that too,' said Sage; 'I am thinking all the time how nice and sweet you look.'

'You are a wicked, little flatterer, and you do it with such a truthful look, that one cannot disbelieve you.'

'Mr Ludlow always says I am such a good listener; but it really is because I am so interested in what he says.'

'Oh, Mr Ludlow!—a slight cloud passed over Pomona's bright face at the painter's name. 'He is so fond of you, Sage. I wonder why he took such a dislike to poor me, and I must be like his wife too, since the picture is so like me.'

But Sage could offer no explanation except that she thought Mr Ludlow was not well, as he had gone back to Scar next day.

But they had reached Victoria by this time, the scene so often of frantic departures of the Merriew family. After an hour's quick run through beautiful May country, incredibly green beyond the wildest, gaudiest colouring of the most audacious landscape painter, Hillston, the station for Beechfield, is reached; and Pomona recognises a smart groom in tops with the cordiality due to the person who put her first on her shaggy, little

Shetland pony, and who has followed her since over hedges and ditches, and through, I am afraid, more hare-brained adventures than always came to the ears of Lady Lester. He had even now a painful struggle between respect and affection, and a tendency to call her 'Missy,' and say 'Lor bless you!' and to grin wider than is becoming to a gentleman's servant, and to forget to put his finger to his hat at regular intervals; and he had an inclination to lean over from the back seat of the little phaeton that met them at the station, and volunteer remarks on the ponies, or other interesting stable news, instead of sitting up with crossed arms in wooden silence. But no wonder he talked about the ponies, for they were Lady Lester's birthday present to Pomona, and as beautiful a little pair as ever stepped, perfectly matched chestnuts, with plenty of life and action, picking up their dainty feet so prettily, and tossing their spirited, little heads as if life were a good joke, and the little carriage behind them a mere feather's weight.

I am afraid, as regards the ponies, Pomona found Sage for the first time a little unsatisfactory, for much as she admired them, there was no disguising that the admiration was ignorant, for Sage's experience had lain principally among cab and omnibus horses, and even these she had not known intimately; and the feeling chiefly called forth in such experience was that of pity. At Scar, there had been some cart-horses on which, when they went down to drink at the pond, Kitty and the boys used to ride, and these had endearing qualities and large hairy feet; and there was a baby donkey with woolly legs very close together, and a short innocent nose, and a bang of hair on his forehead, like an American girl, which frisked about round its patient, old mother in a manner delightful to behold.

But Sage felt that to mention a young donkey *apropos* of Pomona's ponies might have been taken as an insult; so she wisely refrained; and Stokes, in the back seat, having more knowledge on the subject, presumed on his privilege as an old servant to lean forward and expatiate on their beauties; while Sage drank in all the charms of the road along which the ponies were taking them, as it seemed to her, all too quickly.

The country in May was full of novelty to Sage, as holiday-time does not come till August; and I do not think, if these ponies had not stepped so briskly, Pomona would have got her many yards away from the little station, so lovely was the lane leading up from it, with high banks clad with young green things, that by August have grown dull and dusty.

But Pomona's ponies go too fast for me to describe half the beauties of the way: the little beetle-browed, thatched cottages, garlanded with white clematis; the farms peeping out from among the apple blossom, across broad green meadows striped and fragrant from the big iron roller, whose musical jangle made the ponies prick their ears and listen.

'Here we are!' said Pomona as they turn in at a gate by a pretty, trim lodge, out of which a smiling woman in a white apron runs to open for them to pass in; and Sage gave a little sigh to think that the drive was over.

But 'Here we are' at Beechfield means something different from 'Here we are' in John

Street, where a couple of steps will take you from the street door to the hearthstone; and there were yet three miles to drive, and by far the loveliest half of the drive, through the beautiful park.

I think the deer formed the culminating point of the day to Sage; and after them the house with its stately front of gray stone, clothed at one end with a mantle of shining ivy; and the broad drive that led to it through great banks of rhododendron, hardly stirred any feeling of admiration in her; and it was of the deer she thought when she said to Pomona, as they went up the wide stone steps at the entrance: 'How proud you must be of it all! and to think it will all belong to you one day!'

And Pomona laughed, and then sighed. 'I suppose I am proud of it; at any rate, I am very fond of it. But as to its belonging to me one day—well, you see, dear, it is like the diamonds—I would rather not have it.'

'Oh! Pomona, I am sorry'—

'No; don't be sorry. How can you know what I feel about mother, when you lost yours so long ago!'

After all, talk as we may of the inequalities of life, one is struck now and then by the strangely even balance. If you extract the pure happiness from each one's life, it is surprising how little more you get from boiling down all the heaped-up possessions and riches and glories of one man's opulent life, than you do from the few poor, insignificant possessions of another. Pomona's happiness largely consisted in the frail life and tender love of her mother; surely, in the poorest Whitechapel slum, there may be found like material for happiness.

(To be continued.)

THE HONEY-BEE OF THE FUTURE.

THE Americans, who, like the Athenians of old, are ever on the watch for something new, are reported to be endeavouring to alter the character of the 'little busy bee' by applying to it the principle of artificial selection, in order to make it a useful servant, devoid of sting, yet capable of producing a much larger store of honey than heretofore. We are apt to overlook that interdependence of animal and plant life in the economy of nature, of which Darwin gave a curious instance in his well-known assertion that the number of cats kept in a district would influence the growth of red clover. The reason assigned for this singular connection between the carnivorous animal and the plant is that the cats keep down the mice which destroy the nests of the humble-bees, and as the red clover is fertilised only by humble-bees, it follows that when mice abound, humble-bees are scarce, and so is red clover; but when the mice are killed by cats, the humble-bees have a good time, and spend it in sucking the honey from the red clover. In so doing, they convey the pollen from flower to flower, and thus effect the fertilisation necessary to enable it to produce perfect seeds.

Now the reason why the red clover is thus

dependent upon the good offices of the humble-bee is, that the proboscis of the common hive-bee is not long enough to reach the nectary. The American apiculturist therefore proposes to cross the hive-bee with the giant bee of India, in order to lengthen the proboscis, and so enable it to rifle the nectary of the red clover, thus adding to its food-supply; and by another cross with stingless bees, an effort would be made to get rid of that troublesome sting, which renders the manipulation of a swarm of bees a little difficult and sometimes dangerous.

Both these modifications may be possible, but it is doubtful whether both would be equally useful. A bee's sting is a weapon both of defence and offence; and although its use generally means death to its owner, it is employed much more freely than is agreeable to the recipient. Cases, indeed, are on record in which a swarm of bees, angered by some unknown cause, have attacked men and horses and caused death; whilst even the sting of a single bee has been known to be fatal when received in the throat or in some great nerve-centre; nevertheless, it seems to be an accepted fact that the sting of the bee is a remedy for rheumatism; and the 'Mediterranean Naturalist' asserts that the people of Malta have long been accustomed to expose themselves to be stung by bees for the cure of this painful disease, with excellent results. It is well known among our peasantry that any one who has been frequently stung feels no ill effect from further stings for years after, and this would seem to afford an opening for medical investigation into the properties and uses of the bee-poison. Certain scents appear to madden bees; one of these is a sweating horse, which is so obnoxious to them that it has happened not infrequently that horses tied up near a hive or a nest of wild-bees have been attacked furiously, and if not cut loose quickly, have been stung to death.

Whether the bees of South Africa are peculiarly savage or hypersensitive, we do not know; but many instances of horses stung to death are recorded from that part of the world. They certainly seem to be very easily offended, for we have been told of an instance in which a mischievous little naked Kaffir boy chewed a carrot and spat it out at the door of a hive; whereupon the bees immediately attacked him, and would inevitably have killed him, had not the gardener thrown him into a trench he was digging and covered him up quickly with earth; and it may be here remarked that fresh mould is one of the best known remedies for the stings of bees or wasps.

When, therefore, American apiculturists propose to deprive bees of their stings by crossing them with the wild stingless bees, of which at least two distinct species are known in America, it would seem as though they were working for a noble object. 'If we had a race of stingless bees,' they say, 'the value of the honey crop would be doubled.' But it is well to pause and deliberate before attempting to deprive the insect of the formidable weapon provided for it by nature.

Bees have many enemies, and therefore undoubtedly require a defensive weapon; but there is reason to suppose that the sting is something more than that.

It is acknowledged that stingless bees are not much good as honey-gatherers, and Lumholtz, the Swedish naturalist, says of the honey produced by the stingless bees of Australia, that it causes diarrhoea, and is sour and soon fermented because the bees have no poison to preserve it. Probably, therefore, if our bees should be deprived of their stings, the honey made by them would be worthless instead of gaining in value; for the sting apparently is not only a weapon of offence and defence, but an alembic in which is distilled a subtle fluid, a drop of which is added to each cell of honey before it is sealed, and which, although poisonous when injected into the blood of man or other animal, is essential not only to the well-being of the insect, but also to the wholesomeness of the food provided for its own use and that of its progeny, and which is so unscrupulously appropriated by omnivorous man. The value of the sting to the bee is exemplified by the fact recorded by Darwin, that since the introduction of the common hive-bees into Australia they have almost exterminated the native stingless species.

In these days of cheap sugar we can hardly appreciate the extreme importance of honey and the honey-bee to the ancients. The land flowing with milk and honey loses half its significance to those who look upon honey as a dainty desired chiefly by children; and notwithstanding the great revival of bee-keeping of late, it is extremely doubtful whether the public taste will ever return to its ancient delight in that which has become a luxury instead of a necessity. The Americans say the consumption of honey in the United States is only eight ounces per annum for each person, because people have not yet learned the use of it; and English bee-keepers complain that they are overstocked and cannot sell all their produce; and yet it is affirmed that a good deal of artificial honey and honeycomb finds its way into the market.

Much of the honey which in Switzerland is an invariable accompaniment to the breakfast of bread, butter, and coffee, is said to be spurious; yet with the rows upon rows of beehives everywhere, and the abundance of mountain flowers, one would suppose the manufacture of artificial honey to be quite unnecessary; but in the presugar era, the making of false honey was an art recorded by Herodotus with praise. It was the confectioners of Callatebus, on the Mæander, who thus secured fame to themselves by manufacturing honey from tamarisk and wheat. The ingredients now employed by artificial-honey makers are not made public, but honey supposed to be gathered by bees from certain flowers exclusively, is largely advertised as remedial for various diseases. Thus, eucalyptus honey is much used in America as a cure for consumption, and so is that made from horehound, but probably in both cases the medicinal properties are added by human manipulators. Tennyson writes of the 'honey of poison-flowers'; but we never heard of any one having been poisoned by honey, although that made from the euphorbia in South Africa is hot and disagreeable to the taste, and probably unwhole-

some; and the honey made in India from the flowers of the rhododendron is said to be poisonous; so that we may infer that the qualities of the flowers rifled are to a certain extent imparted to the honey, which undoubtedly varies considerably in flavour. The honey of Mount Hymettus, so famous of old, is still most delicious, and so is the heather-honey of Scotland.

When, therefore, apiculturists have succeeded in breeding a race of bees able to suck the nectar from the red clover, our honey will doubtless be improved in flavour. The Ligurian bees are said to possess the desired length of proboscis, and if these are the bees of Hymettus, we may perhaps have a clue to the excellence of their product. British bee-keepers have long imported Ligurian queen-bees, with the view of improving our native stock, but so far the success of the experiment remains uncertain.

It is hard, indeed, to realise the fact that for thousands of years the whole world depended entirely upon the product of the honey-bee for all the sweetness required in cookery. The numerous allusions to honey in the Bible and among classical writers will be familiar to many people; and among the most ancient of British pottery, antiquaries find perforated vessels, supposed to have been used for straining honey. But perhaps it is not generally known that some ancient peoples used honey for embalming; and it is related that an inquisitive antiquary, on discovering a large jar or pot of honey in some ancient excavations, tasted it with his finger, and found a hair adhering to his tongue; and further investigation revealed the fact that this was one of the coffins containing an embalmed body; and the honey therein, notwithstanding the use to which it had been put, had retained its flavour for many centuries.

A nest of wild-bees is still a lucky find among natives, and travellers do not disdain to share the feast with them, whilst the stings of the despoiled owners do not trouble them, for they know that a little smoke will stupefy the bees and make them harmless. The Hindus feed their new-born babes with honey and ghee for luck; and the custom which once prevailed everywhere, of telling the hive-bees whenever a death occurred in the family of the owner, and of tying a piece of crape to the hive to put them in mourning, lest they should forsake those who had not treated them with proper respect, has not yet died out among our peasantry, and carries us back to the time when bees were among the most valuable possessions of the agriculturist, a fact still preserved in the proverb, 'A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay.' At that time, no one knew anything about Ligurian queens or the fertilisation of red clover; and had any one proposed to modify the proboscis of the bee or to breed a race of stingless bees, he would have been laughed at as a madman.

'What is sweeter than honey?' said the expounders of Samson's riddle, in answer to which modern chemists have put forth saccharine; but the intense sweetness of this chemical extract will never supersede sugar and honey, for the flavour is not agreeable to the palate of men; and even wasps and bees, fond as they are of sweet things, reject saccharine with disdainful fury, and will buzz angrily about anything sweetened

therewith without touching it, as though they felt themselves defrauded of their lawful perquisites, and were wrath with those who would try to deceive them.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DESERT.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

ROBERT was scarcely surprised at the unwelcome appearance of his half-brother. He had all along suspected that he had overheard his conversation with his sister relative to the search for Jim Turner, and naturally would have kept a watch on his movements. He therefore accepted the situation without much comment; but as soon as he could get away without exciting suspicion, made his way to the telegraph office. Here he wired to Owen at Bendabar, giving him the clue of the rocky bar and all other details furnished by Turner. He asked him to follow the search up at once, and if successful, to keep the papers until his arrival, and restore the spot where they were found to its original state, as though it had been undisturbed. This done, he felt more at ease.

He knew that Alf would soon get all he wanted to know out of poor, simple Jim; and he was not at all sure that he did not intend to play him some trick on the way up and get ahead of him. The four hundred miles to the station were, however, negotiated without any mishap. He did not trust himself to exchange glances with Owen, lest Alf's sharp eyes should note it; but as soon as there was an opportunity, the manager told him that he had been quite successful. The papers were still in the tin; but Robert begged his friend to keep them where they were until the farce of a search had been gone through.

Next morning, they started down the river; and Jim Turner soon identified the spot where they were camped when Burgess appeared. Needless to say, the search—extended into the next day—was fruitless. The general conclusion was that if Burgess had buried anything, it had been only just beneath the surface, and the tin was probably soon laid bare. In that case, the first bush-fire that swept over the spot would destroy the contents.

Alf did not seem at all elated at the fact that nothing had transpired; and Robert guessed that the state of uncertainty was worse to him than the discovery of the hidden tin would have been.

Jim Turner was rewarded; and Alf took his leave, Robert announcing his intention of spending a few days with his friend Owen. From something he noticed in Alf's manner, he mistrusted the fact that he had really left the station, and believed that his suspicions had been aroused by the non-discovery of anything, and that he was still keeping a watch on his movements. So impressed was he with this idea, that it was not until he retired and locked himself in his bedroom that he commenced his investigations. The tin had preserved its contents with wonderful fidelity. On lifting the lid, the papers appeared to be in almost as good a state of preservation as when first placed there. There were three folded papers and a small note-book.

He opened the folded papers. They were all in his brother Sam's writing, in pencil, and, by a strange coincidence, he read them in their proper sequence. The first was addressed to himself, and ran: 'DEAR BOB—We have had bad luck, and worst of all, I have met with an accident that has crippled me. I am just scribbling this to say good-bye in case things take a turn for the bad. If I don't turn up again, you know how to act for the good of all at home.' Then followed some affectionate messages to his mother and sisters.

The second paper bore date the next day, and was but a few lines: 'Burgess has come back. I am much worse, in awful pain; shall never leave here. Thank God, I am not deserted by everybody.'

The third and last was almost illegible; the reader managed to decipher: 'Burgess will tell—too bad—I had forgiven—now left here—die.' The rest was unintelligible.

Robert dropped the message from the dead man whose bones lay in the desert. His half-brother's name was not mentioned; but he read the whole story as though it had been printed. Sam had met with an accident, and Alf had left him to get on as best he could. But what was the accident? and how did he meet with it? The note-book would tell him that.

He took it up and opened it. Just then all the dogs on the station commenced to bark furiously, as though some one was coming. He opened his window and looked out; but all seemed quiet; and after a fight among themselves, the dogs subsided into silence.

He commenced the note-book, wherein Burgess had, as he said, told the true story of Sam's death.

'I promised Sam Patten when he was dying that I would tell the truth; and I swore to Alf, after he saved my life from the blacks, that I would not. I will write it all down; hide it, and never speak of it again. I don't know what to do. From the start, Alf Patten made himself disagreeable; and although Sam stood it very quietly for some time, at last he quarrelled with him; and after that, there was nothing but rows between them. The morning we found five of the horses poisoned, they had the worst quarrel. Alf was away, when we camped the night before, and he blamed his brother for not noticing the poison-plant about. While they were still at it, the black boy and I started after two of the horses that had strayed away. While we were tracking them up, we both thought we heard a pistol-shot in the direction of the camp. When we got back with the horses, we found that there had been an accident. Sam, while doing something to his revolver, had accidentally touched the trigger and shot himself through the hand. That was the story they told us. It was a clean wound; and I did not think it would turn out bad. We had good country and easy travelling for a day or two, and Sam's hand seemed getting on very well; then we had a long dry stage and hot weather. Sam's hand took a sudden turn for the worse, and when we got to some good water and grass, he said he could go no farther, but must stay there until his hand was easier. Ever since that morning, the brothers had not spoken, and Sam would not let his brother help him in

any way. We spent three days at the water-hole; and the rest and plenty of cold-water bandages did the wound good. Alf had been getting very impatient, and at last he said that we had come nearly as far as we wanted to, and seen most of the country they had come to look at; that the best thing to do was for Sam to stop in the camp, while we went on about fifty miles farther, and then we could go home by easy stages. This meant that we should be away from Sam for nearly three days; and I would not agree to it. But Sam himself persuaded me; he was anxious to get home, and thought that by the time we got back he would be able to ride, and there would be nothing to detain us. We started the next morning. While we were packing and saddling the horses, Alf went up and spoke to his brother. Whatever it was he said, the quarrel broke out again at once; and when we started, Alf had gone back to one of his fiendish tempers. We went about thirty miles that day, and camped. The next morning, as we were starting, I asked Patten how far we were going before turning back. He said: "Right on to the Overland Telegraph Line." I pulled up, and said I would go no farther, but would return to the camp. He argued with me that Sam was all right, and even tried to threaten me; but I rode away, and he and the black boy went on.

'I got back to camp that evening, and found Sam very bad. I think the excitement of the quarrel with his brother had inflamed the wound again. Next morning he was in terrible agony, and his arm was swollen right up to the shoulder. He was delirious, and kept praying me to cut his arm off. I never left his side except to get water to keep the bandages wet. The next afternoon he suddenly fell asleep, but woke up just at sundown. He was quite sensible, and had no pain at all; only, he said, "he felt too weak to move." He talked to me quietly about going back, thinking, now the pain had left him, he would be strong enough to ride in the morning. He told me that his wound was not an accident, but that his brother in a fit of passion had threatened him with his revolver; that he had tried to take it from him, and in the struggle it had gone off and shot him through the hand. He never meant to say anything about it, but for his brother going away and leaving him; and asked me to tell the true story if anything happened to him, and I promised. Presently, he said to me: "This is heavenly to be free from that terrible pain; I shall sleep so soundly to-night, old man." He never spoke again. I scarcely know when he died, but I think it was about an hour afterwards.

'Next morning, I was digging a grave as best I could, when Alf and the black boy came up. They had been riding all night. He was like a madman when he saw Sam's body, called himself a murderer, and vowed that he would go back and give himself up to be hanged. After Sam was buried, this fit seemed to wear off; and next morning we started home. We scarcely ever spoke during the next few days. Once he asked me what story I was going to tell when we got in, and I said, "The true one." A week after Sam's death we got to the Herbert River, and camped near a water-hole. Suddenly the place seemed alive with blacks, and a shower of spears

and "nullas" fell around us. The black boy was speared clean through the body; but I only got a crack with a nulla. I used my revolver, and made a rush for a carbine that was lying where I had been sleeping; but before I got there, I was knocked down, and the niggers rushed in and got hold of me. Another moment, and my brains would have been beaten out; but just then Alf came to my relief, and saved me. The black boy was dead. That night, when we were talking it over, Alf said: "I think I saved your life to-day, Burgess. Poor Sam is dead and gone, and it will do no good raking up our quarrel; cannot you hold your tongue when you get in?" Of course he had saved my life, and I scarcely knew what to say. "How shall we account for Sam's death?" I said at last. "He was killed here by the blacks," he replied, pointing back to where the fight had been. So it fell out that I agreed. He swore that he intended to go away and change his name, rather than face going home; and I promised to tell the story we made up that night. Next morning, we parted. He took three horses and most of the rations, as he intended to make for the Overland Telegraph Line; and I took the two worst horses, to try and get in to the nearest station. They died on the road, and I have walked in. I do not know whether I have done right or wrong; but this is the truth. With this book I bury three letters that Sam wrote and gave to me. Alf knows nothing of them."

It was all out now; and Robert knew that every word was plain truth. He could see his half-brother in every line of the confession—the outbreaks of uncontrollable temper followed by fits of short-lived remorse. Doubtless, when he parted from Burgess he fully intended to keep his vow, and be henceforth a dead man to those who had known him. But time had blunted his feelings of regret; his character had degenerated; he had grown tired of his self-imposed exile, and the death of Burgess had been too great a temptation to return, removing as it did the only witness to his crime; for although no laws could touch him, he was as guilty of his half-brother's death as if he had shot him through the head.

What was he to do? He looked up, and started; there, pressed close against the glass of the window, was the face of his half-brother. The expression on it arrested Robert in the act of rising. He scarcely knew whether he was gazing at a living face or a dead one, it wore such a ghastly look. While he was hesitating, it vanished. Robert went to the window, which was an ordinary French light, opening on to the veranda, unlocked it, and was about stepping out, when he paused. A meeting between them just then had better be avoided; evidently, Alf's uneasy conscience had dragged him back; he knew now that Robert knew the truth, and he could do no more harm. He stood at the door and listened. There was a sudden outbreak from the dogs; then he heard the sound of a horse cantering down the paddock. The nocturnal visitor was gone. But Robert's way was no clearer; and he passed a wretched sleepless night.

On the third day, a man rode up to the station with a note for Robert. It was from Alf, and ran thus: "Whatever Burgess wrote is true. I

know you found the papers, and have read them. I am going a long way out West, and this time I shall not return.—Good-bye."

The writing was so unlike Alf's hard firm hand, that Robert instinctively asked the man, who was the hostler at a small public-house some thirty miles away, whether his brother had been drinking heavily.

"He went it pretty hot for a couple of days," returned the man; "but he seemed all right when he started this morning."

"He had gone, then?"

"Yes; started the same time that I did. He said he was going to Barr Downs to-night;" naming a station to the westward.

Robert pondered over the communication. Was it reality this time, and did it point to a suicide's expiation?

He determined to follow. Turner was still on the station, having taken a place as boundary-rider, so he engaged him to accompany him; and Owen provided him with a black boy, a good tracker; for there was no knowing how far he might have to go. By the time he was ready, Alf had three days' start of him.

It was easy enough to follow him, for he was making due west from station to station, and travellers were not very common as they got into the sparsely settled outside district. He could not gain on him, however; at every station where he stopped the night, Alf had always left just the three days before. The last place they crossed, the Herbert, Robert thought he recognised the water-hole where the blacks had attacked Burgess; but all tokens of the fierce fight had long been dispersed by successive floods.

At last they came to the most outside station, within about fifty miles of the Queensland border. Beyond was still unsettled country for about three hundred miles to the Overland Telegraph Line. Alf had stayed the night at this place, and next morning he had gone on by himself, leaving the people on the place in some perplexity as to where he was bound to. From thence out Robert knew they would have to follow his tracks. Once in the unoccupied country, this was comparatively easy, and they went on the first day without a check. Robert knew as well as if Alf had told him that their destination was Sam's lonely grave; would he get there too late?

They camped the first night at a small hole of water at the head of a rocky creek. Next morning, still following the tracks of the two horses, they crossed a low range and emerged on to a wide plain. By night they found themselves on a small clay flat with tired and thirsty horses. They had water for themselves in their canvas bags; but unless there was some ahead, their horses would not last through another day of such fatiguing travelling.

Alf had, however, camped on the flat, so it was evident that he was making for some place ahead that he knew of.

On again the next morning. Straight across the plain went the tracks, and with jaded horses the party followed them. When within about a mile of the creek, the black boy, who was ahead tracking, pulled up and pointed to the trees. Half-a-dozen kites were circling slowly in the

air over a particular spot, looking like black specks in the distance. 'There's water there,' said Turner. Robert did not answer, but motioned to the boy, and they pressed on. In a short time they rode up to the bank of the creek, in the bed of which was a shallow pool of water. The loose horses ran down and commenced greedily drinking; two others, who were feeding on the edge of the water-hole, greeted them with loud whinnies. A glance told Robert he was too late. He motioned to Turner and the boy to go on to the water, and dismounting, tied the reins to his stirrup iron, and let his thirsty horse go loose after the rest.

A man was lying at the foot of a coolibah tree. He might have been asleep; but people as a rule do not sleep in the noontide glare of a tropical sun. It was his brother, dead by his own hand. On the tree, at the foot of which he lay, a sheet of bark had been stripped off years before, and on the surface of the wood beneath, the initials S. P. had been rudely cut. Robert at once divined that the letters had been carved by Burgess, and beneath was Sam's grave.

They buried the lifeless form that had once held such fierce conflicting passions, by the side of the man whose death lay at his door; and in the grave Robert placed the written testimonies of the expiated guilt. The Message that had come from the Desert was left to moulder there; no man now would ever know it. Alf himself had solved for Robert the question of what he should do with the knowledge bequeathed him by the dead.

Next morning, with a saddened heart, the only surviving brother retraced his steps through the untrodden waste that surrounded the two graves. In after-years, when wife and children were his, and prosperity and contentment, his thoughts would often be recalled by a chance word to that time; and like a picture would rise clearly before him the scene he saw as he turned in his saddle for a last look. The gaunt and desolate plain; the creek, bordered with dwarfed, distorted timber; the soaring, tireless kites; the fierce sun overhead, beating down on the graves of his brothers beneath the stunted, shadeless, coolibah tree.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ONE of the most interesting matters brought forward at the recent meeting of the British Association was a demonstration of the isolation of fluorine. Six years ago this element was isolated in France; but the results had not been confirmed in this country. The apparatus required for the demonstration is furnished with platinum electrodes, through which a current is passed into a compound containing the fluorine. As a result, hydrogen is given off at one electrode; and fluorine, in the form of an almost colourless gas, at the other. The action of fluorine upon various substances is remarkable—silicon, boron, sulphur, and various metals igniting and burning brilliantly directly they come within its reach.

Those who have been led to hope that a balloon will represent the flying machine of the future have usually pinned their faith upon a screw propeller as the best means of urging it through the air. Some experiments in this direction have recently been made by M. Mallett, the results of which have been presented to the French Academy. With a screw having a diameter of seven and a half feet, and with a velocity of one hundred revolutions per minute, this experimenter succeeded in raising the balloon three hundred and thirty-three feet high in the same time—that is, one minute. Repetitions of the experiment invariably gave the same results. Unfortunately, no particulars are given of the kind of motor used in accomplishing this astonishing result.

The phenomenon known as 'bleeding bread' has, according to a correspondent of *Nature*, made its appearance in this country during the recent hot weather. It is an organism which appears on bread, boiled potatoes, rice puddings, and other farinaceous compounds, in the form of red stains, which resemble splashes of blood. It was first noticed in this country in the year 1853, when an account of it was communicated to the British Microscopical Society. It is only seen during periods of high temperature, and is sufficiently rare to give rise to superstitious notions, which, in spite of Board schools, are still rife enough in country districts.

At the Congress of photographers recently held in London, the most interesting item was a demonstration of M. Lippman's method of producing photographs in colour. Some months ago, specimens of this process were shown in Paris; but the method of exhibiting them has been since improved by M. Lumiere. The colours are due to what is known as *interference* phenomena, and are produced in the photographic film in the following manner: a specially prepared gelatine plate, bearing an almost transparent film, is placed with its sensitive surface in contact with a tank of mercury, and exposure to light-action through a lens is made through the back of the plate. The projected rays of light meeting the reflected rays from the brilliant quicksilver give rise to interference colours in the resulting photograph. Such colours can only be seen on the film when the plate is held at a certain angle, and they resemble and are analogous to the iridescent tints on mother-of-pearl. Viewed in this way they are ineffective; but when placed, according to M. Lumiere's suggestion, in the beam of a powerful electric arc light, and a reflection from the coloured surface is thrown upon a screen by the aid of a lens, the result is very brilliant. The experiment is a most interesting one, the colours produced approximating to those of nature.

Another very different method by which photographs are associated with colour is now to some extent superseding the old chromo-lithographic process. The method is strictly mechanical, and has nothing whatever to do with the solution of the colour-photography problem. Three printing blocks are made by the Meisenbach half-tone process, by which the original photograph is cut up into printable lines and dots. But each block is made from a negative, which takes cognisance of only one colour in the original design—red, yellow, or blue, the so-called 'primary' colours of

the old text-books. This is brought about by using in conjunction with the camera differently coloured screens, which will only admit rays of one colour to pass to the sensitive surface within. Each of these blocks is printed from in turn with its own coloured ink, the three images being superposed upon one another, and the general effect produced is that of a chromo-lithograph printed from a number of stones. The specimens which we have seen are exceedingly satisfactory; but it remains to be seen if equally good work can be turned out in bulk.

Another matter of photographic interest is the establishment in London of the first of a series of annual Exhibitions under the title of the 'Photographic Salon.' The object of the promoters is to exhibit the artistic capabilities of photography, putting its scientific and commercial aspects entirely aside. The pictures hung are about three hundred in number, and have been selected for their artistic merit. They are quite a revelation to those whose standard of photographic excellence is borrowed from ordinary sources. Both portraiture and landscape are represented here with an artistic and, in many cases, a poetic feeling which most persons would think quite unattainable with a camera. The Exhibition is unique, and it has attained a deserved success. All will look forward to the reopening of the Photographic Salon in the autumn of 1894.

According to a paper recently brought before the Association of Belgian Chemists, certain continental bakers mix soap with their dough, in order, it is said, to make their bread and pastry light. The soap is dissolved in water, and to this a little oil is added, the mixture being subsequently whipped into an emulsion, which is added to the flour. The idea of soap as an edible substance is not a pleasant one, but possibly the bakers referred to are particular to obtain a pure kind. Genuine oleate of soda, which is made by combining caustic soda with vegetable oil, would not be altogether objectionable; but we should be inclined to prefer home-made bread of the old-fashioned unsophisticated kind.

We are informed by a correspondent that some time ago the Geneva Library became possessed of a collection of unopened Egyptian papyri, which on being carefully manipulated and examined by M. Nicole, were found to be of great interest and value. They include a fragment of the *Orestes* of Euripides, which is believed to be at least one thousand years older than any other manuscript of the same work at present known. There are also portions of the *Iliad*, containing great variations from the usually accepted text. The collection also contains an Idyll on Jupiter and Leda, and an Elegy on the Stars. A curious document is a letter from the head of a monastery requesting the use for three months of certain horses. The animals were to aid the monks in getting about the country; and as an inducement for granting the request it is urged by the borrowers that 'they are orthodox.' There are other interesting items in this valuable collection of papyri.

It will be remembered by many that the late Mr Richard A. Proctor, who did perhaps more than any other writer to popularise the science of astronomy, died five years ago in New York

city of yellow fever, which disease he contracted in Florida. His grave remained neglected until a newspaper urged the claims of the deceased writer upon its readers. The response was quick; and a handsome monument has been erected to the astronomer's memory, adorned by a noble inscription, the work of his great friend, Herbert Spencer. There are many in this country who, without personal knowledge of Mr Proctor, have read his books or attended his lectures, and these will be glad to know that his memory is preserved in this manner by our English-speaking cousins across the sea.

The 'telegraph' which is placed on all steamships for communicating the captain's orders to the engine-room by means of a bell, dial, and pointer, is now, we understand, being adopted for street vehicles, so as to avoid the necessity of the occupant leaning out of the window and giving verbal directions to his driver. The new device consists of duplicate dials and pointers with such directions as 'Stop,' 'Go on,' 'Turn to the Right,' and so on, one being within the vehicle and one outside, both working synchronously.

Another comfort for travellers is the provision of reading lamps on the penny-in-the-slot principle, which are presently to be placed on some of our railways. On the District Railway, London, two thousand five hundred lamps will be required, and the carriages are being now wired for their reception. The lamps are electric, and the act of dropping in a penny will set a clock in motion for half an hour, during which time the current will be switched on to the lamp, and will concentrate a light of twenty candlepower upon the newspaper or book of the passenger who expends the coin.

Mr G. J. Symons, F.R.S., to whom the public is much indebted for his constant meteorological observations, has lately made some references to the rainfall during 1893, which will interest many. We all know that the year has been a remarkably dry one, and unless its closing weeks should bring with them tempests and floods, it will probably prove to be the driest on record. For thirty-five years Mr Symons has made constant observations of rainfall and other weather phenomena, and he tells us that only once has he previously registered the rainfall of four consecutive months at less than an inch each, and then it was winter-time and at the end of two exceptionally rainy years. For more than thirty years no year has been so dry as the seven months ending October last, and this applies both to London and the country generally.

It has been announced that the Manchester Ship Canal will be formally opened throughout its entire length on the first day of the new year, when ships will be able to find their way from the Mersey to the Manchester Docks. Every one will wish this bold and costly enterprise the success which it undoubtedly deserves.

We have more than once alluded to the value of finger-prints as a means of identification, and our readers will possibly be interested in knowing that the system has been adopted in the Indian army. The Order issued by the authorities is as follows: 'It is requested that as a means of identification of recruits for the native army, examining medical officers will cause an impres-

sion in printer's ink of the ends of the first three fingers of the right hand of each recruit passed by them as fit for the service to be made on the Nominal Roll opposite the name of the recruit; and in the case of the Army Hospital Corps, on the Verification Roll.' This innovation is mainly due to the exertions of Mr Francis Galton, who, it will be remembered, read a paper on the subject of 'Identification by Finger-marks' at the recent meeting of the British Association at Nottingham.

An incandescent arc lamp—by which is meant the combination in the lamp of the main features of the electric arc and the glow lamp—was described at the recent Electrical Congress at Chicago. The two carbons between which the arc is formed, which must be of very fine quality, are enclosed in a glass globe which is highly refractory. At the top and bottom this globe is closed with plugs, through which the carbons pass; and there is a safety-valve provided, which prevents any undue pressure upon the internal walls of the vessel. When the arc is once established, the enclosed oxygen is consumed; and the remaining gas mixed with carbon vapour becomes so luminous that the arc itself is almost invisible. Economy is claimed for this system both in the amount of current required, and in the saving of carbon rods, which consume less rapidly than if they were exposed to the air.

Some months ago we described how the buildings of the World's Fair at Chicago were being painted without brushes by means of a gigantic spray apparatus. A somewhat similar plan, it is said, has been adopted for the application of whitewash to ceilings. First of all, the whitewash is very carefully screened or filtered into a barrel, to which is attached the suction-pipe of a double-acting force-pump. With a pressure of one hundred pounds on the square inch, the mixture was pumped into the delivery tube, and discharged through a hole not more than one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. The whitewash is thus sent aloft in a very finely divided form, ladders, scaffolding, and extra labourers being dispensed with, while a saving of expense all round is secured.

Our contemporary, *Knowledge*, calls attention to the peculiar eye-trouble common among hop-pickers which goes by the name of 'hop-pickers' ophthalmia.' It is ascribable to the microscopic hairs which cover the leaf of the hop, and which, it is thought, may possibly partake in a small degree of the properties of the nearly related stinging nettle.

The uses of steel are constantly increasing, and one of the most interesting of its applications is that of bell-casting. Hitherto, the bell-founder has relied upon bell-metal, which is an alloy of copper and tin; but cast-steel has recently been employed for the purpose, at a great saving of cost. It does not seem, however, that the tone of the new bells is quite equal to that of the old, and it is believed that some way of improving the steel for this purpose may be discovered.

The cycle is said to be threatened with a formidable rival in the shape of a pneumatic road skate, which will shortly be placed upon the market by a Scotch firm. The new skate, instead of having four wheels, like the ordinary roller

skate, has only two, which are placed in line one behind the other, and are not solid, but furnished with pneumatic tires. With this aid to locomotion, it is said that ordinary roads can be traversed with ease, and that the ascent and descent of hills are by no means difficult. The skates have been already seen in some of the Midland towns, where a speed of from six to seven miles an hour has been attained with them in the ordinary thoroughfares. Simple pedestrianism, it would seem, may soon go out of fashion.

A machine for typewriting musical characters has recently been invented and exhibited by Mr F. H. Bowen of Springfield, U.S.A. In outward appearance it looks like the ordinary Remington typewriter, and can, it is said, be as easily manipulated. It will impress the notes, &c., on paper already ruled with the five lines of the musical staff, or will print the lines itself as the work proceeds. The machine should be of use to those who find a difficulty in writing music legibly, and we fear that there are many musicians who labour under this disadvantage.

Many are the serious accidents which have occurred from bottles bursting or breaking while being uncorked or unstopped, and this has been especially the case since mineral waters have been bottled in receptacles which require heavy pressure to release the marbles or other devices by which they are closed. A Safety Bottle-opener, which has been devised by Mr W. Fletcher of Denby, near Derby, is, therefore, an opportune and valuable invention. It consists of a kind of semi-canister, which fits over the neck and shoulders of the bottle, containing at its apex a movable stopper, which can be pressed down while the hand is protected by the canister-like casing.

It is well known that the maintenance of large areas of glass on high buildings gives rise to constant trouble and expense, and we fancy that the yearly bill for repairs at such a building as the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, must be of enormous proportions. Breakage, as well as the evident danger to people beneath, will be obviated by a new device which is said to be practicable, and not costly. The glass during manufacture is moulded upon steel-wire netting, so that it is furnished with a strong skeleton, so to speak. The new material can during manufacture be bent without much difficulty, and it is obvious that it can be used in much larger squares than ordinary glass. A somewhat similar material, consisting of a transparent varnish which filled up the interstices in wire-work, was brought forward some time ago, but it intercepted much light, and was inflammable in its nature.

The experience of the past summer, when wasps were unusually and most unpleasantly plentiful, has shown that some persons are peculiarly susceptible to the poisonous sting of these insects. A case was recently reported in the *Lancet*, where a man, fifty-six years of age, was stung by a wasp on the middle finger of the left hand. He was admitted to a hospital, for he had become faint, and pains extended up his arm and all over his body. Severe rigor followed, accompanied by sickness and other distressing symptoms. The pulse became very feeble, and the temperature rose above the

normal. The man ultimately recovered; but the case shows that a wasp must be avoided by certain individuals as most persons would avoid a poisonous snake.

A SOUTH ATLANTIC MYSTERY.

THE 'Enterprise,' outward bound to New Zealand, was rippling through the deep blue waters of the South Atlantic Ocean, with a light breeze from the south-west, which kept her moving at the rate of four knots an hour. Here and there the dancing waves were crested with a dash of creamy froth; and a long streak of gray light was showing itself amidst the clouds in the distant east, as the dusky night slowly and reluctantly gave place to dawn. Presently, an old quartermaster lurched sleepily along the deck and peered down the companion hatch at the cabin timepiece. Finding that it was four o'clock, he returned forward with a livelier step and struck eight bells. The clear chimes echoed in the keen frosty air with a silver-like intonation; the shrill notes of the boatswain's whistle were heard rousing up the men of the port watch; the hands came aft to muster; lookout and helmsman were relieved; the starboard watch went below; and then the decks became again deserted, as though the momentary bustle and life and movement were but caused by the magic wave of an enchanter's wand. In a few minutes the only audible sounds were the occasional rattling of the wheel-chains, and the mournful creaking of the yards as the vessel swayed gently to the long heave of the Atlantic billows.

In the meantime the chief-officer had made his appearance on deck, and was standing with the second at the break of the poop. After receiving the usual information about the course, the number of sails set, &c., and commenting upon the state of the weather, he suddenly started a conversation, the subject of which had evidently been in the thoughts of both of them before.

'I can't understand it,' he said. 'Here are we in the fifty-fourth degree of south latitude, and the skipper is still making a southerly course. We shall be down amongst the ice soon. I shall give him a hint about it when he takes sights after breakfast.'

The second-mate looked cautiously around, as though to make sure that no one else was within hearing, and leaning close over to the chief-officer, said in a low voice: 'Have you noticed anything strange about the captain's manner lately, Mr Wilson? He was always quiet and standoffish like; but during the last few days he has spoken and acted at times in such a strange way that I have sometimes fancied he was—a little'—Here the second mate touched his forehead significantly.

'Well,' replied the mate, after a pause, 'I don't mind admitting that I have noticed it for some weeks past; but I thought it best to keep quiet, in case I was mistaken.—But don't breathe a

word to a soul, for those fits of abstraction may only be a peculiarity of his, after all.'

'But the strange look in his eyes'—insisted the second-mate.

'Mr Martin, we must not jump to hasty conclusions,' returned the chief. 'What I want first of all to find out is—why are we steering so far to the southward?'

'I hope he'll give a satisfactory reason,' replied Martin as he turned to go below; 'for I've made nine voyages to the colonies, and was never so far south before.'

At seven o'clock the captain came on deck, and after exchanging a few words with the chief-officer, walked to the starboard side and looked long and earnestly towards the southern point of the horizon. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a sunburnt and rather handsome face, a square, resolute-looking jaw, and long iron-gray hair, a lock of which, in moments of excitement, he had a curious habit of twisting round his fingers. But the eyes, which were of a steely gray and very piercing, were the distinctive feature of his face, principally on account of the singular expression which dwelt in them. It is hard to describe it—a sort of restless, eager look, as though for ever on the watch for some one or something that he had been long expecting to meet. His age, according to the ship's articles, was thirty-six, though he looked eight or ten years older; and although usually of a somewhat reserved disposition, speaking little to his officers except on matters of duty, yet at times, when he 'came out of his shell,' as the second-mate expressed it, he could be a most agreeable companion, as he was fairly well read, and had visited many queer, out-of-the-way places in the remote corners of the earth. Professionally, he was as capable and gallant a seaman as ever trod a deck.

Having apparently satisfied himself that nothing was in sight, he took a few impatient turns up and down the quarter-deck, and then crossed over to where the chief-officer was standing.

'Mr Wilson,' he said, speaking very slowly, and regarding his chief-officer with a strange, steadfast look, 'I have something to tell you which will explain my reasons for taking a much more southerly course than is usual with outward-bound vessels. I was thinking the matter over last night, and then decided to take you into my confidence.'

There was something in Captain Roberts' manner and in the expression of his eyes that startled the chief-officer, and yet for the life of him he could not have told why. However, he said nothing, but inwardly wondering what it was the captain had to tell him, waited for him to proceed.

'It was in the year 1875, ten years ago now,' he began, 'that I was in command of a small steamer on the Australian coast. I had taken her out from England when she was new, and at the request of the owners, remained in her after our arrival at Adelaide. I had left my wife behind me in London; but as, after a time I decided to make my home out in the colonies, I sent for her to join me. She sailed from

Liverpool in a barque called the "Lord Clive," on the 10th of December 1875; that vessel never arrived at her destination—only once, from that day to this, has she ever been heard of.' Here the captain paused, and stood for a few minutes gazing out to sea, as though lost in thought.

'Was the "Lord Clive" lost, sir?' the chief-officer ventured to inquire, finding the skipper still remained silent.

'They say so,' he replied. 'The last time she was seen, or at least spoken with, was by a whaler, in latitude fifty-four degrees south, and longitude ten degrees east, somewhere near the supposed position of the Bouvet Islands; though what she was doing there, I can't imagine, unless she had been driven out of her course by a succession of northerly gales. That was nine years and a half ago, and she has never been heard of since. The owners, underwriters, indeed everybody I have spoken with on the subject, seem convinced that she is lost; in fact, the captain's wife has married again; but I believe the "Lord Clive" is still afloat, and that my wife is on board of her—alive!'

The chief-mate started, and stared at his commander with astonishment, not unmixed with a slight feeling of alarm, for whatever doubts he may have previously had on the subject of the captain's sanity, it now became evident to him that on one subject at least he was mad. To suppose that a ship which had not been heard of for nine and a half years was still afloat, and people alive on board of her, struck the practical chief-officer as out of the bounds of reason.

'I went home to England,' continued Captain Roberts, and the tone of his voice showed that he was labouring under suppressed excitement, 'and interviewed the owners of the "Lord Clive," offering to take command of a ship without pay, if they would place one at my disposal, and go in search of her. But they would not listen to me, for by that time the insurance had been paid, and they took no further interest in the vessel's fate. I have made eight voyages out to the colonies since then—for I will never trade anywhere else, and I can't get command of a whaler—and every time, I go a long way to the southward in the hope of meeting the "Lord Clive," for I expect she got down amongst the ice and was frozen in. But some day she'll break away and drift out into the open sea again; and I should like to be the first to board that ship, to meet my wife, and welcome her back to the world once more. For she is not dead, sir, I tell you, Mr Wilson—with an impatient stamp of his foot and a wild gleam in his eye—she *can't* be dead; we only parted for a time—only for a time—and I feel as sure as I am standing here, that we shall meet again.'

'But not in this world,' muttered the chief-officer under his breath.

The captain turned to walk aft, but his steps were arrested by a shout from a man who was about some job on the main yard: 'Sail ho!'

'Where away?' roared the mate from the break of the poop.

'Broad on the starboard bow, sir,' replied the man.

The captain seized his glass from the companion hatch and hurried to the weather mizzen rigging, followed by Mr Wilson. On the utmost verge

of the horizon, where the gray-blue waters seemed to finish in a sharp clear-cut line against the paler sky, a small dash of white, barely the size of a sea-gull's wing, was visible. For the space of three minutes the captain gazed at it, then, closing his telescope with a snap, he took a few hurried paces on the deck. After a few moments of this restless kind of walk, he again pointed his telescope at the strange sail. 'We're rising her; don't you think so, Mr Wilson?' he exclaimed.

'It is scarcely possible to tell yet, sir,' replied Wilson, 'she has been in sight so short a time.'

'I am going below to examine the chart,' continued the captain; and despite the assumed calmness of his tone, it was evident that he was strongly excited. 'Keep her up a couple of points; we must overhaul yonder craft, for I want to speak her, and—if I am not on deck before—let me know when you can make out her hull.'

Two hours passed, and the 'Enterprise,' slipping smoothly and cleverly through the water, closed up to within three miles of the strange ship, which appeared to be drifting helplessly upon the ocean. She had only one rag of a sail, which fluttered heavily in the breeze, and her mizzen-mast and foretopmast were gone. As they drew still nearer, the chief officer was struck with the strange, dismantled appearance of her spars and rigging. Captain Roberts came on deck and looked thirstily at her through his telescope.

'Clear away the cutter!' he shouted, and the clear, sharp, intonation of his voice seemed to fetch an echo from the hollows of the sails.

The men came aft in obedience to the order, and as the second-mate went to see to the execution of it, he was stopped by the captain, who said: 'I shall want you in the boat with me, Mr Martin, and three picked men.'

'Very good, sir.'

The vessels were now within half a mile of each other, and the order was given to 'heave to!' The wind had died away to a light air with almost startling suddenness, but the horizon to the north-west was blurred and indistinct with a sort of gray, smoke-like haze.

While the boat was getting ready, the captain was pacing the deck with restless and feverish impatience, at times pausing in his hurried perambulation to gaze at the other vessel with an eager, longing look, as though on board of her he could see the form of some dearly loved person whom he had long been parted from. Presently he stepped up to the chief-officer, and touching him on the shoulder, pointed to the strange vessel, and in a voice trembling with excitement, said: 'Just look through your glass, Wilson, and see if you can make out anybody on her quarter-deck—a woman.'

'I can see nobody; the ship is evidently deserted,' the chief replied as he handed the telescope to the captain.

'Deserted! Man, are you blind? Can't you see the flutter of a woman's dress?' he cried, with fierce impatience. Then stretching out his arm, and pointing towards the drifting vessel: 'That ship is the "Lord Clive;" and my wife, I have every reason to believe, is there, sir. I saw her figure but this minute, and I should know

her even at this distance.—Yes, I have found her at last—I have found her at last !'

Wilson's honest sunburnt face wore an expression of the utmost astonishment and pity, and he was about to make some sort of a reply, when the second-mate came aft and reported the boat as ready.

Captain Roberts without another word entered it and took his seat in the stern-sheets; but the chief-officer managed to convey a hint of the skipper's mad fancy to the second before the boat shoved off. 'Look well after him,' he whispered; 'for God knows what he will do when he finds no one on board that ship, as I feel confident will be the case.'

As they approached her, Martin observed that her hull was terribly weather-beaten—some shreds of sails hung from her topsail yards, and ragged ends of rigging and running gear hung over her side. There was ice, too, about her, although the thermometer was scarcely down to freezing-point, a pretty conclusive proof that she had but recently drifted up from the desolate frozen seas that encircle the South Pole. The captain occasionally muttered something to himself; his face was flushed, as though with some pleasurable anticipation, and his bright eyes burned with a wild light, but all the time he kept his gaze fixed upon the after-part of the dismantled barque.

Presently the boat swept under her counter; the name which had been painted on her stern was partially obliterated; but Martin's heart gave a big thump when he saw that the letters which remained—evidently the final ones, were—'IVE.' Was it the 'Lord Clive,' after all?

'In bow! Way enough!' he roared. They were alongside!

The captain swung himself lightly into the main chains, then climbed over the rail on to the deck. The second-officer was about to follow him, but the skipper waved him back. 'Wait until I call for you, Mr Martin,' he said; and then he disappeared. For about twenty minutes the boat's crew held alongside, but the captain made no sign, although at times they fancied they could hear him moving about the decks. Suddenly they were startled by a loud cry, which seemed to come from the cabin. Sharp and shrill it rang upon the air, with a note of grief and agony in the ghastly sound of it, such as might have been the last cry of a lost soul. Sailors are usually superstitious, and that awful scream, coming as it did from the heart, as it were, of that mysterious vessel, caused the sunburnt faces of the boat's crew to blanch with fear. Even the second-mate, who was a hard-headed practical man, felt an eerie feeling creeping over him, and it was some few minutes before he could muster up courage to leave the boat and try to find out the cause of that awe-inspiring cry; but after a short hesitation, he clambered up the side.

There was no sign of a living soul upon her decks, which had been swept nearly bare by the seas. A piece of canvas fluttered from the stump of the mizzen-mast, and it was probably that which Captain Roberts' mad fancy had transformed into a woman's dress, when he saw it from the deck of the 'Enterprise.' He had evidently gone down below; and Martin, as he stood by the

companion hatch of the deserted ship, had an inward feeling that he was about to assist at some weird tragedy.

Before going below, Martin took a look round the horizon, and what he saw there caused him more real apprehension than any of the undefined terrors of the mysterious ship. Away to the north-west the horizon was blotted out by a gray smother of vapour, which was rapidly spreading itself in all directions. There was considerably more weight in the swell, too, and the wind gave out a hollow moaning sound as it swept through the rigging. Martin rushed to the taffrail and shouted: 'Come on board here, one hand!'

In answer to his call, one of the men scrambled up on deck.

'Keep a lookout while I go below and search for the captain; and let me know before that smother gets too close on top of us,' pointing to the white mist that was steadily coming down on them.

'Ay, ay, sir!'

On descending the companion stairs, the second-mate found himself in a moderately sized saloon with sleeping cabins on either side, and some lockers aft by the stern ports. There was a table in the centre, and a skylight overhead which admitted enough light to enable him to see clearly. A small hatch was open on the star-board side aft, apparently leading to a sort of lazarette. By the side of this hatch a dark figure was lying, face downwards. It was Captain Roberts! Martin stooped down and lifted his arm, but it was limp and lifeless; he then turned him over and endeavoured to raise him to a sitting posture, but with a shudder he let him fall, for he was quite dead. What sudden shock had caused his death, cannot be told; but firmly grasped in his right hand he held a faded white shawl of some soft material, such as women wear over their shoulders, and his features were distorted by an expression of horror hard to be described. What had he seen?

Fancying he heard a slight rustling sound in the lazarette, Martin peered down the small hatch, but it was so pitch dark that he could see nothing. Was there anything down there that might help to solve the mystery? Just then the hoarse voice of the seaman was heard in a warning shout: 'Come on deck, Mr Martin, quick! or we shall be adrift!'

The second-officer rushed up the companion ladder on to the quarter-deck and cast one sharp look to windward. There was a dense bank of fog not much more than a mile distant, and a dark shadow on the sea showed that wind accompanied it.

'Come and help me to lift the captain up on deck,' he cried to the man who had been keeping watch.

'Where is he, sir?'

'In the cabin—lying there—dead!'

'Dead? Then the living come first, sir,' replied the man gruffly as he ran towards the side. 'If we don't clear out of this now, we shall lose our ship, and be cast adrift in this cursed hulk.' With that he climbed over into the boat.

The second-mate hesitated for a moment, scarcely knowing what course to pursue, when the seaman yelled to him again, in a voice half

wild with impatience and fear: 'Jump into the boat, Mr Martin, or we'll shove off.'

The words had scarcely left his lips, when the wind, with a sort of mocking shriek, swept through the rigging of the derelict, and a few moments later the fog was swirling all round them. Martin sprang over the side into the boat, and the men commenced pulling madly in the direction where the 'Enterprise' had last been seen. For five minutes they pulled on with all their strength, the sweat pouring down their faces, then they eased up a bit, and the man who was at the after-oar asked the second-mate if he could make out their vessel.

Martin strained his eyes to pierce the surrounding gloom, but was obliged to acknowledge that he could see no sign of either ship.

'Then, sir, we're hopelessly adrift now, without a drain of water or a mouthful of food,' cried the man, with a ring of passionate despair in the tone of his voice.

'Keep cool, my lads, and pull steadily on; we shall fetch the old "Enterprise" right enough,' said Martin.

At that moment a dull boom was heard right ahead.

'There goes a gun from our ship to show us our whereabouts,' sang out the second-mate; 'give way, my lads!'

The men pulled with a will; and five minutes later the 'Enterprise' loomed up out of the fog close aboard of them. A line was thrown, the boat hauled alongside, and in a few minutes they were all standing safely on her decks.

Martin reported to the chief-officer everything that had occurred; but as the wind and sea were rising fast, and the driving mist obscured everything from view, the only thing that could be done was to heave the ship to until the weather cleared a bit. All night long it continued to blow hard; but about nine o'clock the next morning the wind fell light again, and the fog lifted a little, although it was still very thick all round the horizon, and it was not possible to see a greater distance than two miles. All hands were on deck, peering into the dim obscurity, to get a glimpse of the derelict in which lay the body of their unfortunate captain; but to no purpose. About two o'clock in the afternoon it came on to rain heavily, beating all the life out of the wind, while the gray sea rose and fell with long sullen heavings. The 'Enterprise' still remained 'hove to,' as it was quite useless attempting a search while the weather remained so thick. So it continued all the following night, until shortly after daybreak on the second morning, when the rain ceased, the clouds and mists drifted away, as the sun rose gaily above a clear horizon. The whole wide expanse of ocean was now visible, and sharp-sighted men were despatched to the masthead on the lookout; but no sign either of ship or wreckage rewarded their search. A light breeze sprang up from the south-west, and for four days they cruised about those waters; then the chief-officer reluctantly abandoned the search as a hopeless one, and the 'Enterprise' proceeded on her voyage to New Zealand.

There can be little room for doubt that the derelict barque foundered during the gale of wind on that eventful night; and if indeed she was the ill-fated 'Lord Clive,' which, after nine

long years of imprisonment in the ice, had at last broken loose and drifted into the ocean highway, then the strange meeting between those two ships was more than a mere coincidence.

The men who were in the boat to this day declare that it was a woman's voice which uttered that startling cry; but whether their statement is correct, and what it was Captain Roberts saw in the barque's deserted cabin that left that expression of horror on his face, are mysteries deep and unfathomable as the ocean where he lies at rest.

A VIGIL.

Is this the dawn that slowly leaves
The shadowy bed so still and white,
And with its cool, soft touch unweaves
The fevered fancies of the night?

Is this the dawn?—Oh! love, you lie
So calm beside the taper's beam,
As though it were not you and I
Who laughed together in my dream;

While o'er the flowery way abreast,
We slept along the springy lea,
Till outward to the closing west
Gold pathways led across the sea.

And all the purpling deeps of space,
And all eve's tender, softening shine
Were deeper, holier round your face,
Your face, my love, so close to mine.

And lo! your eyes looked o'er the bay
And shone so—two conflicting gleams,
Love's dawn, and the last glance of day
Met in a halo.—Love, it seems

Only a dream; your floating hair
Beam-billowed, and a dream your face,
Now morning takes us unaware,
And draws aside the shielding lace

Of night; and breathing early flowers,
Looks boldly on the placid lid,
And brightens all the unheeding showers
Of gold, wherein last night lay hid

Your hand upon my shoulder. Dear,
In thy long dream, sometimes, ere night,
Bend o'er me when the sky is clear,
And look against the western light!

WILLIAM WOODWARD.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

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